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SONGS BY THE WAY,

CHIEFLY DEVOTIONAL;

WITH

TRANSLATIONS AND IMITATIONS.

BY THE

REV. GEORGE W. DOANE, A. M.

“*Cantantes licet usque (minus via lœdet) eamus.*”

“ . . . Sometimes, a listless hour beguile,
“ Framing loose numbers”

NEW-YORK:

E. BLISS AND E. WHITE, 128 BROADWAY.

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1824.



southern District of New-York, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the fifteenth day of June, A. D. 1824. in the forty-eighth year of the Independence of the United States of America, George W. Doane, A. M. of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the words following, to wit:

" Songs by the Way, chiefly Devotional; with Translations and Imitations.
By the Rev. George W. Doane, A. M."

" *Cantantes licet usque (minus via lædet) eamus.*"

" . . . Sometimes, a listless hour beguile,
" Framing loose numbers"

In conformity to the act of Congress of the United States, entitled, " An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned." And also to an act, entitled, " An act supplementary to an act, entitled, an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned. and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

JAMES DILL,
Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

TO THE
RIGHT REVEREND
JOHN HENRY HOBART, D.D.
BISHOP OF NEW-YORK;
(NOW TRAVELLING IN EUROPE;)
THIS LITTLE VOLUME,
NOT AS MERITING HIS REGARD,
BUT AS THE
IRRESISTIBLE EXPRESSION
OF AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE IN ABSENCE,
AND OF
FERVENT PRAYERS
FOR HIS RETURN IN HEALTH AND HAPPINESS,
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,
BY HIS OBEDIENT SERVANT,
AND
SON IN THE CHURCH,
THE AUTHOR.

THE COURTEOUS READER is respectfully reminded, that if, in the volume before him, but little has been performed, so very little was promised in the Title-page, that his reasonable disappointment cannot be great.

To their Author, its Contents have most literally been, “SONGS BY THE WAY;” “loose numbers,” framed in the intervals of an arduous avocation, and of severe study.

It is deemed sufficient, without resorting to any of those ingenious pleas, which, from time immemorial, have brought the sins of unwilling authors upon the heads of kind and importunate friends, simply to state, that though some parts of the volume were written several years ago, and all of it at periods more or less remote from the present date, no idea of its publication was entertained, until within a very short time before it was put to press.

The Author has now only to express his hope that his Readers may derive from its perusal some share of that solace which its occasional composition has afforded him, and that they may feel as he has felt—and especially when his “song has been of mercy and judgment”—

“Cantantes—minus via lædet:”

The rugged way seems smoother while we sing.

New-York, June, 1824.

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SONGS BY THE WAY,

&c. &c. &c.

MORNING.

“ My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning.”

To Thee, O **LORD**, with dawning light,
My thankful voice I'll raise,
Thy mighty pow'r to celebrate,
Thy holy name to praise ;

For Thou, in helpless hour of night,
Hast compass'd all my bed,
And now, refresh'd with peaceful sleep,
Thou liftest up my head.

Grant me, my **GOD**, Thy quick'ning grace,
Thro' this, and ev'ry day,
That, guided and supported thus,
My feet may never stray.

Increase my faith, increase my hope,
Increase my zeal and love,
And fix my heart's affections all
On CHRIST, and things above.

And when, life's labours o'er, I sink
To slumber in the grave,
In death's dark vale be Thou my trust,
To succour and to save;

That so, through Him who bled and died,
And rose again for me,
The grave and gate of death may prove
A passage home to Thee.

NOON.

“ At noon will I pray.”

FATHER of lights, from Thee descends
Each good and perfect gift;
Then hear us while our thankful hearts
In songs of praise we lift:

We praise Thee, MAKER, that Thou first
Didst form us from the clay,
And gav’st us souls to love Thy name,
And worship, and obey.

We praise Thee, that the souls Thou gav’st.
Thou still in life dost hold—
PRESERVER, noon would fade to night,
Ere half Thy love were told!

We praise Thee, SAVIOUR, that thou didst
Our souls from death release,
And, with Thine own atoning blood,
Procure us endless peace.

Maker, Preserver, Saviour, GOD !
What varied thanks we owe
To Thee, howe'er address'd, from whom
Such varied blessings flow.

To Thee, who on a darken'd world
Celestial light hast pour'd,
And told of heav'n, and taught the way,
In Thy most holy word.

Wide as the blaze of noon is spread,
Spread Thou that word abroad :
We ask it, SAVIOUR, in Thy name ;
MAKER, PRESERVER, GOD !

EVENING.

“ Let my prayer be —— as the evening sacrifice.”

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away ;
Free from care, from labour free,
LORD, I would commune with Thee !
THOU, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away ;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, LORD, to dwell with Thee !

Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity ;
Then, from Thy eternal throne,
JESUS, look with pitying eye.

MIDNIGHT.

“ **GOD** my Maker, who giveth songs in the night.”

At midnight hour, O **LORD**, I wake
To think upon Thy name,
To call to mind Thy gracious acts,
And all Thy praise proclaim ;
And though no friendly ray should shine,
Nor single eye should wake but mine,
My spirit knows no startling fear,
Convinc’d that Thou, my **GOD**, art near.

Thou, in my time of deep distress,
Didst aid me from on high,
And wip’d the starting tear away,
And still’d the bursting sigh :

Life cannot throw so deep a gloom,
There is no darkness in the tomb
Can e'er disturb my breast with fear,
For Thou, my God, wilt still be near.

THE VOICE OF RAMA.

"Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted."

HEARD ye from Rama's ruin'd walls,

That voice of bitter weeping!—

Is it the moan of fetter'd slave,

His watch of sorrow keeping?

Heard ye from Rama's wasted plains,

That cry of lamentation!—

Is it the wail of Israel's sons,

For Salem's devastation?

Ah, no—a sorer ill than chains

That bitter wail is waking,

And deeper wo than Salem's fall

That tortur'd heart is breaking:

'T is Rachel, of her sons bereft,
 Who lifts that voice of weeping ;
 And childless are the eyes that there
 Their watch of grief are keeping.

Oh ! who shall tell what fearful pangs
 That mother's heart are rending,
 As o'er her infant's little grave,
 Her wasted form is bending ;
 From many an eye that weeps to-day,
 Delight may beam to-morrow ;
 But she—her precious babe is not !
 And what remains but sorrow ?

Bereaved One ! I may not chide
 Thy tears and bitter sobbing—
 Weep on ! 't will cool that burning brow,
 And still that bosom's throbbing :
 But be not thine such grief as theirs
 To whom no hope is given—
 Snatch'd from the world, its sins and snares,
 Thy infant rests in HEAVEN.

“ I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life.”

THOU art the Way—to Thee alone
From Sin and Death we flee ;
And he who would the FATHER seek,
Must seek him, LORD, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth—Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life—the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conq’ring arm,
And them who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life—
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

THE WATERS OF MARAH.

“And Moses cried unto the **LORD**, and the **LORD** showed him a tree, which, when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet.”

By Marah’s stream of bitterness,
When Moses stood and cried,
JEHOVAH heard his fervent pray’r,
And instant help supplied :
The Prophet sought the precious tree
With prompt, obedient feet ;
'T was cast into the fount, and made
The bitter waters sweet.

Whene’er affliction o’er thee sheds
Its influence malign,
Then, suff’rer, be the Prophet’s pray’r,
And prompt obedience, thine :

'T is but a Marah's fount, ordain'd
Thy faith in GOD to prove,
And pray'r and resignation shall
Its bitterness remove.

“ Our Father, who art in Heaven.”

“ OUR FATHER”—such Thy gracious name,
Though thron’d above the starry frame—
Thy holy name be still ador’d,
Eternal God, and sov’reign LORD.
Spread far and wide Thy righteous sway,
Till utmost earth Thy laws obey;
And as in Heaven, before Thy throne,
So here, Thy will by all be done.
This day, Great Source of ev’ry good,
Feed us with our convenient food.
As we to all their faults forgive,
So bid us by Thy pardon live.
Let not our feeble footsteps stray,
Seduc’d by sin, from Thy right way;
But, sav’d from evil work and word,
Make us Thine own, Almighty LORD!

For Thine the sceptre is, and throne,
That shall be crush'd or shaken, never;
The glory Thine, O God, alone,
And pow'r that shall endure for ever.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

“ Who shall separate us from the love of CHRIST ? ”

SHALL tribulation’s deep distress,
Or fear, or want, or nakedness,
Or cruel foe, or conq’ring sword,
Divide us from Thy love, O LORD ?

No—vain alike were death, and life,
And pow’rs of hell, and Satan’s strife,
And things that are, and things to be,
To separate us, LORD, from Thee !

So shall we, SAVIOUR, through Thy love,
In all things more than conq’rors prove ;
Nor grave shall hold, nor hell shall harm,
The ransom’d of Thy holy arm.

THE SINNER CALLED.

RETURN and come to God,
Cast all your sins away,
Seek ye the SAVIOUR's cleansing blood,
Repent, believe, obey.

Say not ye *cannot* come—
For JESUS bled, and died,
That none who ask in humble faith,
Should ever be denied.

Say not ye *will not* come—
'Tis God vouchsafes to call,
And fearful shall their end be found,
On whom His wrath shall fall.

Come, then, whoever will,
Come, while 'tis call'd to-day,
Flee to the SAVIOUR's cleansing blood,
Repent, believe, obey.

"And I said, oh! that I had wings like a dove; for then would I flee away and be at rest."

Who that has mingled in the fray,
Or borne the storms of life,
Has not desir'd to flee away
From all its sin and strife—
Has not desir'd to flee away,
Like yonder startled dove,
And seek, in some far wilderness,
A nestling-place of love,
Where the tumult, if heard, should excite no alarm,
And the storm and the tempest sweep by without harm?

Who that has felt the rankling wound
Of disappointment's sting,
Or prov'd the worse than vanity
Of ev'ry earthly thing,

Has not desir'd, like yon sweet dove,

To wander far away,

And find some desert lodging-place,

And there for ever stay,

Where the vain show of earth should no longer delude,

Where the fiend disappointment should never intrude?

Who that has felt the crumbling touch

Of premature decay,

Or, sorer far, has mourn'd o'er friends

Torn from his heart away,

Has not desir'd, like yonder dove,

To seek some lonely nest,

And, far from earth's vain fellowship,

To dwell and be at rest,

Till the summons be heard that shall bid him depart,

And for ever rejoin the belov'd of his heart?

And it shall be—that summons of joy shall be giv'n,

To the converse of saints, to the mansions of Heav'n,

Where the cross of the suff'rer shall no more be borne,

But the crown of the conq'ror for ever be worn.

Thou that seek'st this glorious prize,
Ask no more for wings of dove ;
Angel-pinion'd, thou shalt rise
To the realms of peace and love :

Realms, where CHRIST has gone before,
Blissful mansions to prepare ;
Realms, where they who serve Him here,
Shall His pow'r and glory share.

There, no battle-fray is heard ;
There, no tempest need be fear'd ;
Disappointment cannot sting ;
Banish'd thence each hurtful thing ;
Sickness comes not there, nor pain ;
Death hath there no dark domain :
Gather'd there, no foot shall rove
Of the happy friends we love ;
Gather'd there, no soul shall roam,
'T is our own—our FATHER'S HOME.

THE FAITHFUL SAVING.

“ This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation,
that CHRIST JESUS came into the world to save sinners.”

Yes—it is a faithful saying,
CHRIST the SAVIOUR died for me :
Haste, my soul, without delaying,
To His great atonement flee.

Shall the LORD of earth and heaven,
Sojourning with sinful men,
Die, that they may be forgiven,
Yet His death be all in vain ?

No—by ev’ry drop that’s streaming
Down from that accursed tree,
By Thy death, my soul redeeming,
SAVIOUR, I will come to Thee !

Worldly riches, honours, pleasures,
Shall no more my soul detain ;
Dearer, Thou, than all the treasures,
Earth can give, or life can gain.

“ **LORD**, I believe : help Thou mine unbelief !”

LORD, I believe, the father cried,
Help Thou mine unbelief—
O ! if Thou canst, have mercy now,
And give my child relief !

The father’s fervent pray’r was heard,
Fulfill’d the father’s joy ;
The SAVIOUR pitied, spake, and heal’d
His poor demoniac boy.

Sinner—this **LORD** is still the same,
Still waiting to forgive :
Seek, then, His cleansing, saving blood,
Believe, obey, and live.

Suff'rer—it is thy FATHER smites,
 Thy FATHER's chastening love :
 The hand that gives, will heal the wound,
 In fairer realms above.

Christian—'t is there thy SAVIOUR reigns,
 Enthron'd above the skies,
 And thither, freed from death's dark thrall,
 Thy ransom'd soul shall rise.

Believer—press undaunted on,
 Nor heed earth's dull delay,
 While angels wait to welcome thee
 To realms of ceaseless day.

Sinner, no more, nor suff'rer, then,
 Life's painful journey o'er,
 Thine is the Christian heritage
 Of joy for ever more ;

And crowns of quenchless glory thine,
 Thy constancy's reward ;
 Believer—thine, in Heav'n to dwell
 For ever with the LORD.

“In the hour of death, and in the day of judgment.”

My God, when nature's frame shall sink;
And totter on destruction's brink,
Be Thou my portion and my cup,
And bear my fainting spirit up.

'T was Thou that form'dst me first from clay,
And ledd'st me through life's devious way ;
Then take, O God, my parting breath,
Support me in the *hour of death*.

And when before the throne I stand,
And wait Thy judgment's dread command,
Do Thou my strong supporter be,
And save the soul that trusts in Thee.

Thou, SAVIOUR, for my sins hast died,
Thy grace alone my strength supplied;
Then cast me not, O LORD, away,
But save me in *the judgment day.*

THE PLAGUE OF DARKNESS.

— “ But all the children of Israel had light in their dwellings.”

WHEN darkness erst, by God’s command,
Envelop’d haughty Egypt’s land,
Throughout that long and fearful night
In Israel’s dwellings all was light.

So, to the righteous, light shall rise,
Though clouds and tempests wrap the skies,
And faith triumphant mock the gloom
That gathers round the silent tomb.

Then grant us, God, while here we rove,
Thy will to know, Thy ways to love,
To prove the riches of Thy grace,
And share the brightness of Thy face ;

Till, guided so in all our way,
And cheer'd by Thy celestial ray,
We reach at last that heav'nly height,
Where all is peace, and joy, and light.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven."

'Tis the promise of CHRIST—to the poor shall be giv'n,
And humble, and contrite, the kingdom of Heav'n;
And who would not toil through this pathway of pain,
And who would not suffer, such promise to gain!

Bear up, then, my soul, 'mid the darkness and storm,
Nor shrink from the strife, though terrific its form—
There is ONE that shall guide thee, and guard thee
from harm,

Whose eye is unerring, unconquer'd His arm.

To the contrite and faithful the promise is sure,
And salvation is pledg'd to the souls that endure;
And the crown and the sceptre shall be their reward,
Who have manfully stood on the side of the LORD.

“ **L**ORD, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.”

LORD, should we leave Thy hallow’d feet,
‘To whom should we repair?
Where else such holy comforts meet
As spring eternal there?

Earth has no fount of true delight,
No pure, perennial stream;
And sorrow’s storm, and death’s long night,
Soon wrap life’s brightest beam.

Unmingled joys ’t is *Thine* to give,
And undecaying peace;
For Thou canst teach us so to live,
That life shall never cease.

Thou only canst the cheering words
Of endless life supply,
Anointed of the LORD of Lords,
The Son of GOD most high.

“ The fashion of this world passeth away.”

IN careless childhood’s sunny hours
When all we love is nigh,
No thorn amid life’s op’ning flow’rs,
No cloud in all its sky,
We fear no ill, nor dream of care,
But deem each following day
Shall light us on to fairer scenes,
And beam with brighter ray.

And childhood’s vernal season past,
And shunn’d youth’s thousand snares,
When manhood’s autumn comes at last,
With sorrows, fears, and cares,
Still, autumn-like, its skies are bright,
And still the world seems young,
And still we love its mellow light,
Its bow’rs with fruitage hung.

But autumn's golden skies must fade,
And autumn's fruits decay,
And soon, 'mid snows and storms, must come
Old age's wintry day.
A wintry day at best—as short,
As gloomy, and as cold,
Till the worn body yields at last,
And life lets go its hold.

And when its earthly hold is gone,
The world's brief fashion past,
Are there no hopes that shall survive—
No pleasures that shall last?
Yes, Christian—it is thine to know
Life 's but a weary way,
A short, though painful, pilgrimage,
To realms of endless day;

Where Faith her crown of life shall wear,
And Hope be lost in joy,
And meek-eyed Love be paid with bliss
That time can ne'er destroy:

For thither has the LAMB gone up,
Who suffer'd, and was slain,
That, ris'n with Him, his followers might
With Him for ever reign.

THE WATER OF LIFE.

“ Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.”

Ho ! all that thirst, draw nigh,
And drink of that pure fount
Which issues forth eternally
From Zion’s holy mount.

Haste to that blessed fold
Which JESUS first ordain’d,
And which his hand and holy arm
Have ever since maintain’d.

There shall the sacred fount
Wash all your sins away,
And fit you, so your faith be firm,
For realms of endless day.

There is that word dispens'd
By which alone we live,
Which only can our hopes confirm,
And joys eternal give.

There is that feast prepar'd
For those in CHRIST who live ;
Rich banquet ! where the contrite heart
True comfort shall receive.

Come, then, the SPIRIT cries,
And she, the heav'nly Bride,
Come, all that are athirst, nor fear
That one shall be denied.

Come, whosoever will,
Nor price, nor money bring ;
Come to that fount whose streams of life
Through endless ages spring.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY A VERY BRILLIANT SUN-SETTING.

September 1, 1820.

“The things which are seen are temporal.”

OH! see yon glowing occident,
With crimson, gold, and purple blent,
How high and wide the pageant 's spread,
How far its gorgeous glories shed :
Not all that the earth has of brightest and best,
Can vie with the splendours of yonder west.

Oh! could we but mount to that golden clime,
And traverse those pathways of purple light,
To the perishing things of earth and time,
We 'd bid a long and a glad “Good Night!”

There, 'mid the glow of parting day,
 Through amaranthine fields we 'd stray,
 Drinking in, with ravish'd ears,
 The ceaseless music of the spheres ;
 Gazing on glories of brighter shine
 Than the richest gems of Golconda's mine ;
 Resting in bow'rs of sweeter perfume
 Than the "gardens of Gul" in their fairest bloom.

Fond enthusiast! see—it fades
 Ev'n upon thy ravish'd sight,
 Lost 'mid evening's gather'd shades,
 Dying with the dying light :
 Thus ever fades earth's loveliest,
 Thus dies the brightest and the best !

I 've seen, in blooming loveliness,
 The youthful maiden's angel form ;
 I 've seen, in tow'ring stateliness,
 The hero, breasting battle's storm ;—
 The canker-worm of hopelessness
 Has blighted all her bloom ;
 War's iron bolt, in ruthlessness,
 Has sped him to the tomb :

Thus ever fades earth's loveliest,
Thus dies the brightest and the best!

Then count not maiden's loveliness,
Nor hero's tow'ring stateliness,
Mortal, dare be wise :
Let not thy soul's aspirings rest
On gilded east, or glowing west,
Look beyond the skies !

There, far above that line of light,
Which bounds thy dim and shorten'd sight,
In never dying lustre shine
The splendours of the world divine :
The new Jerusalem, the holy,
Whose foundations are of gold,
Garnish'd with the radiant glory
Of thousand precious stones untold ;
And the rainbow-circled throne,
On its fiery axles wheeling ;
And Jehovah's own Zion, the holy mount ;
And the water of life in its crystal fount ;
And the tree with its leaves for the nations' healing.

Such as these, but numberless,
The glories of that heav'nly place,
Where sorrow is never known, nor night,
For GOD and the LAMB are its joy and light.

LIFE'S LITTLE LINES.

“ Noting, ere they fade away,
The little lines of yesterday.”

LIFE's “ little lines” how short, how faint,
How fast they fade away ;
Its highest hopes, its brightest joys,
Are compass'd in a day.

Youth's bright and mild and morning light,
Its sunshine and its show'rs,
Its hopes and fears, its loves and tears,
Its heedless, happy hours ;
And manhood's high and brighten'd noon,
Its honours, dangers, cares,
The parent's pains, the parent's joys,
The parent's anxious pray'rs,

Fade in old age's evening gray,
The twilight of the mind ;
Then sink in death's long, dreamless night,
And leave no trace behind.

Yet, though so changing and so brief
Our life's eventful page,
It has its charms for ev'ry grief,
Its joys for ev'ry age.

In youth's, in manhood's golden hours,
Loves, friendships, strew the way
With April's earliest, sweetest flow'rs,
And all the bloom of May ;
And when old age, with wintry hand,
Has frosted o'er the head,
Virtue's fair fruits survive the blast,
When all beside are fled ;
And faith, with pure, unwav'ring eye,
Can pierce the gather'd gloom,
And smile upon the spoiler's rage,
And live beyond the tomb.

Be ours, then, virtue's deathless charm,
And faith's untiring flight ;
Then shall we rise, from death's dark sleep,
To worlds of cloudless light.

TO A VERY DEAR FRIEND.

“ —— Friendship, I owe thee much.”

DARK to the soul, and desolate,
Life's sunniest hours would be,
And cheerless fortune's best estate,
Fair Friendship ! but for thee.
And oh ! when tempests wrap the skies,
How comfortless their gloom,
Did not thy radiant visions rise
Our darkness to illume !

Friend of my heart ! in hours of joy,
I 've listen'd to thy voice,
And felt, in each inspiring tone,
New motive to rejoice ;

And oft, with anxious cares opprest,
And griefs thou didst not know,
Thy kindness has reliev'd my breast,
And lighten'd ev'ry wo.

Oh! I have lov'd with thee to rove,
In Spring's reviving hour,
Ere verdure yet had clad the grove,
Or fragrance fill'd the flow'r;
And joy'd when Summer found us laid
Beneath some aged oak,
Where, save the streamlet's bubbling tale,
No sound the stillness broke.

With thee, when Autumn's mellowing hand
Has ting'd the woods with gold,
How dear to mark each varied tint
Successively unfold!
And ev'n in Winter's sullen hour,
To roam delighted on,
And feel, that not in Summer bow'r,
Is nature woo'd alone.

Those happy hours, those happy hours,
Have flitted on the wind,
But many a dear remembrance lives,
Deep in my heart entwin'd ;
And oft the chords with which they 're bound,
Shall fancy wake again ;
And mem'ry love to linger long
Delighted on that strain.

ROSEMARY.

“ There’s rosemary—that’s for remembrance !”

It is not the brightest and sweetest flow’r
That the heart of affection may longest cherish,
For when the winds rise, and the tempests low’r,
The fairest is ever the first to perish :
Oh no—the wither’d and wild-wood leaf
Is as dear to the heart, for it will not vary ;
And dear ev’n the straw from the oaten sheaf,
And the simplest sprig of the sad rosemary.

The rosemary, friendship’s strongest charm,
“ Seeming and savour the winter long,”*

* So Shakspeare’s Perdita, in the Winter’s Tale :
—————“ Reverend Sirs,
For you there’s *rosemary*, and *rue* ; these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long :
Grace and remembrance be to you both.”

Through the year's chill night it receives no harm,
Nor fades, though the tempest beat loud and strong:
And so will the heart, with affection warm,
In joy and in sorrow be ever the same,
And the blink of the sun, and the dash of the storm—
What are they all to its changeless flame !

They say that the rosemary leaf can shed*
On the mem'ry that 's fading, a magical pow'r;
And, sweetly embalming the past and the dead
With the dew of remembrance, their life restore:
Oh! thus, when the light of affection's smile
Has beacon'd me over the world's rough wave,
May the dew of its tears, when my voyage is done,
Freshen the green of my turf-cover'd grave.

* *Rosemary* is prescribed, in the ancient books of physic, as
a strengthener of the memory.

THERMOPYLÆ.

*Σᾶς περὶ, παρθένε, μορφᾶς
Καὶ θαυμὸν φαλαρὸς ἵν· Ἑλλάδι πότμος.*

'T WAS an hour of fearful issues,
When the bold three hundred stood,
For their love of holy freedom,
By that old Thessalian flood ;
When, lifting high each sword of flame,
They called on ev'ry sacred name,
And swore, beside those dashing waves,
They never, never would be slaves !

And oh ! that oath was nobly kept—
From morn to setting sun,
Did desperation urge the fight
Which valour had begun ;

Till, torrent-like, the stream of blood
Ran down and mingled with the flood,
And all, from mountain cliff to wave,
Was Freedom's, Valour's, Glory's grave.

Oh, yes, that oath was nobly kept,
Which nobly had been sworn,
And proudly did each gallant heart
The foeman's fetters spurn ;
And firmly was the fight maintain'd,
And amply was the triumph gain'd ;
They fought, fair Liberty, for thee :—
They fell—**TO DIE IS TO BE FREE.**

FRAGMENT.

'T was night—and winds were raving round,
With stern December's surly sound ;
The well-swept hearth was burning bright,
And shed on all its cheering light ;
The doors were clos'd, the curtains drawn,
The floor-cloth smooth as verdant lawn,
And all was joy, and sportive mirth,
Around the dear domestic hearth.

Domestic love ! what holier shrine,
Save ONE, is rear'd on earth, than thine—
Where, as when cluster'd round thy feet,
Does heart meet heart in concord sweet !
Star of our souls ! where'er we roam,
We turn to thee, delightful home !

'T was night—the feather-footed hours
Had fled, as if they "stepp'd on flow'rs;"
Had noiseless fled—yet left behind
In happy hearts, mementos kind
Of hours in social converse spent,
When ev'ry look is eloquent—
Of moments pass'd with those we love,
Priz'd by the heart long years above—
Moments, which shall for ever be
Embalm'd in fondest memory.
The jest, the laugh had circled round,
Mingled with music's silver sound ;
That wild and witching melody
Which moves at once, and melts the soul,
And bids from out the unconscious eye,
The involuntary tear drop roll :
Such notes as oft, at midnight hour,
The sad enthusiast, ravish'd, hears ;
Far echo of some angel's song,
Sweet harmony of circling spheres.
Those notes, those notes, they linger yet,
Oh ! who that heard them could forget !
Speech shall be lost, and thought, as soon
As that sweet voice, and " Bonny Doon."

HOME.

“ The memory of joys that are past—pleasant, but mournful to the soul.”

Home of my careless infancy,
How dear each well-remember'd scene,
Where ev'ry rock and ev'ry tree,
Is eloquent of what has been.

How dear—yet ah! how painful too ;
That joy how near to grief allied,
When thoughts of lov'd ones, now no more,
Come rushing on me like a tide.

Departed joys of days gone by,
As slowly on your visions roll,
My heart is soften'd, and subdu'd,
Ye soothe and tranquillize my soul.

Like music wafted on the gale,
When midnight stillness wraps the land,
So sweet the far-off strains ye breathe—
So sad, when wak'd by mem'ry's hand.

THE
HEART'S TRIBUTE
TO
AN ABSENT FRIEND.

"Wi' melting heart, an' brimfu' eye,
"I'll mind you still, tho' far awa."

WHEN friends are met, and beaming mirth
Is thron'd in ev'ry eye,
Why wanders oft the absent thought,
And starts the secret sigh?
'T is the silent tribute of heart to heart,
Which affection loves to pay,
And 't is wasted off, on that secret sigh,
To the friends that are far away.

And why, amid its wreathed smiles,
 Turns pale that cheek with fear?
And why, beneath that joyous brow,
 Lurks oft the gushing tear?
'T is to wet the graves of departed joys,
 That the heart that big tear sends;
And the fear that pales that anxious cheek,
 Is the fear for absent friends.

There's ONE—his name's in all our hearts—
 For whom, where'er he be,
Our kindest thoughts, our fondest pray'rs,
 Are wafted o'er the sea :
May the spirit of health be on ev'ry breeze,
 And of joy in ev'ry ray,
And may God, in mercy, protect the friend
 Whom we love, while far away !

THE MOURN'D....THE LOV'D....THE LOST.

WHY on the vanish'd look, the by-past tone,
Loves the fond heart devotedly to dwell?
Why, reckless of that *now* which is its own,
Of hours that *were* delights it still to tell?

Why for her pillag'd nestling mourns the dove,
With all her living loves still all unblest?
Why dotes the fond, bereaved mother more
On her dead infant, than on all the rest?

Why is it, that around the lov'd and lost
Her most enchanting radiance fancy throws,
While all the past is rob'd in richer green,
And fresher fragrance breathes from ev'ry rose?

Mysterious Sympathy! thy secret source,
Thy deep, embosom'd springs, we cannot tell,
Nor scan thy subtle, undetected laws,
Though each effect we feel and know so well.

'T is thine the wither'd flow'ret most to prize,
To mourn the music flown, the odour shed,
And, in the hallow'd tomb of buried love,
To twine life's best affections round the dead.

ON A VERY OLD WEDDING-RING.

THE DEVICE—Two hearts united.

THE MOTTO—“ Dear love of mine, my heart is thine.”

I LIKE that ring—that ancient ring,
 Of massive form, and virgin gold,
As firm, as free from base alloy,
 As were the sterling hearts of old.

I like it—for it wafts me back,
 Far, far along the stream of time,
To other men, and other days,
 The men and days of deeds sublime.

But most I like it, as it tells
 The tale of well-requited love ;
How youthful fondness persever'd,
 And youthful faith disdain'd to rove—

How warmly *he* his suit preferr'd,
 Though *she*, unpitying, long denied,
 Till, soften'd and subdu'd, at last,
 He won his "fair and blooming bride."—
 How, till the appointed day arriv'd,
 They blam'd the lazy-footed hours—
 How then, the white-rob'd maiden train,
 Strew'd their glad way with freshest flow'rs—
 And how, before the holy man,
 They stood, in all their youthful pride,
 And spoke those words, and vow'd those vows,
 Which bind the husband to his bride :
 All this it tells ;—the plighted troth—
 The gift of ev'ry earthly thing—
 The hand in hand—the heart in heart—
 For this I like that ancient ring.

I like its old and quaint device ;
 "Two blended hearts"—though time may wear
 them,
 No mortal change, no mortal chance,
 "Till death," shall e'er in sunder tear them.

Year after year, 'neath sun and storm,
 Their hopes in heav'n, their trust in God,
 In changeless, heartfelt, holy love,
 These two the world's rough pathways trod.
 Age might impair their youthful fires,
 Their strength might fail, 'mid life's bleak weather,
 Still, hand in hand, they travell'd on—
 Kind souls ! they slumber now together.

I like its simple poesy too :
 “ Mine own dear love, this heart is thine ! ”
 Thine, when the dark storm howls along,
 As when the cloudless sunbeams shine.
 “ This heart is thine, mine own dear love ! ”
 Thine, and thine only, and for ever ;
 Thine, till the springs of life shall fail,
 Thine, till the cords of life shall sever.

Remnant of days departed long,
 Emblem of plighted troth unbroken,
 Pledge of devoted faithfulness,
 Of heartfelt, holy love, the token :
 What varied feelings round it cling ! —
 For these I like that ancient ring.

REMEMBERED JOYS.

“ Sweet Mem’ry ! wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of life I turn my sail,
To view the faëry haunts of long-lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flow’rs.”

REMEMBER'D joys, remember'd joys,
With what a soft and “dying fall”
Ye breathe upon the bosom, where
“Hope comes no more, that comes to all ;”
Recalling pleasure’s wildest strains,
Divested now of all their madness,
And grief’s subduing melodies,
With scarce a single tone of sadness.

Remember'd joys—to those who keep
Their vigils sad, while others sleep ;
To eyes unseen, that ceaseless weep,
And watch the ling’ring night away,

How dear the calm delights you give !
 Departed lov'd ones seem to live,
 Departed scenes again revive,
 Returns again youth's golden day ;
 And slowly as the visions move
 Of youthful friendship, early love,
 Before the enthusiast's charmed eyes,
 His swelling heart forgets its pain,
 He breathes his childhood's air again,
 He treads once more his native plain,
 And gleams of bright-hair'd hope again before him
 rise.

Dim twilight of remember'd joys,
 I would not give one gleam of thine,
 For all the gaudy world can yield,
 When most its noontide splendours shine.
 Clouds may obscure life's brightest days,
 And, rainbow-like, its hopes depart,
 But oh ! the joys of other years,
 Enshrin'd by love, embalm'd with tears,
 Till mem'ry leaves her latest hold,
 Shall live unalter'd in my heart.

THE FADED FLOWER.

THE flow'r you gave, oh! lady fair,
Pale as it seems, and scentless, now,
Is dearer than the loveliest rose
That blooms on summer's gaudy brow.
The loveliest rose but blooms awhile,
And wafts its precious perfumes round ;
The gale sweeps by—it charms no more—
Its scatter'd leaflets strew the ground.

Not so the little flow'r you gave ;
Its bloom may fade, its fragrance flit,
But oh! the charm affection lends,
And mem'ry loves, will linger yet :
Will linger yet—long years have pass'd,
The storm has fall'n, the gale swept by :
Still, is it fragrant to my heart—
Still, blooming to my memory.

There is a bloom no time can fade,
There is a fragrance will not part ;
It lives unchanging in the breast,
It breathes unfailing in the heart.
That breast unnumber'd ills may wring,
That heart may bleed—perchance be broken :
In all alike, it still shall charm—
That faded flow'r, that cherish'd token.

SONS OF THE GREEKS !

Διύτε παιδες των Ἑλλήνων.

“ Sons of the Greeks, arise ! ”

And gird your armour on,
Your bleeding country’s rights assert,

Avenge your fathers’ wrong.
Sons of the helmed brave
Who held Thermopylæ,
Dare, as they dar’d, the turban’d slave,
And Greece shall yet be free.

Shades of the brave, who bled
Along Cithæron’s steep,
And still, round glory’s hallow’d bed,
Your watch of ages keep ;
Say—shall yon tower-crown’d hill
No more be Freedom’s home ?
Her flag no more in triumph float
Amid yon ocean’s foam ?

Yes! soon again as pure
 Ilissus' wave shall flow,
 And soon, on fam'd Hymettus' hills,
 As fragrant flow'rs shall blow ;
 For freedom's sun shall rise
 On Attica once more,
 And wind and wave shall lash and lave
 The *free* Egéan shore.

Shades of the mighty dead,
 Whose ashes still repose
 Where Οeta rears his star-girt head,
 Where cold Eurotas flows,
 Inspire each patriot's heart,
 To dare, as you have dar'd,
 Till nerv'd be every manly arm,
 And ev'ry falchion bar'd.

Light, light the quenchless flame
 In ev'ry warrior's eye ;
 Rouse, rouse the glorious battle-cry,
 For Greece—for Victory !

Nor let the combat cease,
 While Moslem shall remain
 To mar fair Freedom's festal rites,
 Her heritage to stain.

Hark! 't is the trumpet's clang,
 The squadron's tramp, I hear ;
 Clashes the bright broadsword again,
 And ring the shield and spear :
 See! 't is the plumed helm,
 The banner streaming wide ;
 The Athenian horsemen mount again,
 And Spartan, side by side.

'T is up—the glorious strife,
 By field, and tow'r, and town ;
 And palace, mosque, and minaret,
 And frowning fort, are down :
 The Ottoman retreats,
 The Crescent veils its ray,
 And holy hands, in Stamboul's streets,
 The Cross of Christ display.

“ Sons of the Greeks arise !”
Rise in your fathers’ might,
With sword girt on, and spear in rest,
Wage Freedom’s holy fight :
Swear—’t was the fathers’ oath,
And well befits the son—
Swear, free to live, or firm to die,
“ BY THOSE IN MARATHON !”

"FORGET ME NOT!"

FORGET thee!—how could I?—each morn would
remind me

Of days which thy presence has hallow'd and blest,
And each night, in its visions and dreams, would
restore thee,

All pureness and beauty, mine angel of rest.

Forget thee!—why should I?—since with thee is
blended

Each scene of delight that my fancy e'er drew,
And the hopes that on thee and thy love have attended,
Were those of my life I most wish'd to find true.

No, trust me, that fervent and fond recollection,
Those hopes, even fonder, can never depart,
Till the holiest fount of my earthly affection
Shall ebb, with the warm tide of life, from my
heart.

THAT SILENT MOON.

THAT silent moon, that silent moon,
Careering now through cloudless sky,
Oh! who shall tell what varied scenes,
Have pass'd beneath her placid eye,
Since first, to light this wayward earth,
She walk'd in tranquil beauty forth!

How oft has guilt's unhallow'd hand,
And superstition's senseless rite,
And loud, licentious revelry,
Profan'd her pure and holy light:
Small sympathy is hers, I ween,
With sights like these, that Virgin Queen!

But dear to her, in summer eve,
By rippling wave, or tufted grove,
When hand in hand is purely clasp'd,
And heart meets heart in holy love,

To smile in quiet loneliness,
And hear each whisper'd vow, and bless.

Dispers'd along the world's wide way,
When friends are far, and fond ones rove,
How pow'rful she, to wake the thought,
And start the tear for those we love,
Who watch with us at night's pale noon,
And gaze upon that silent moon.

How pow'rful, too, to hearts that mourn,
The magic of that moonlight sky,
To bring again the vanish'd scenes—
The happy eves of days gone by ;
Again to bring, 'mid bursting tears,
The lov'd, the lost of other years.

And oft she looks, that silent moon,
On lonely eyes that wake to weep,
In dungeon dark, or sacred cell,
Or couch, whence pain has banish'd sleep :
Oh ! softly beams her gentle eye,
On those who mourn, and those who die !

But beam on whomsoe'er she will,
And fall where'er her splendours may,
There's pureness in her chaste'n'd light,
There's comfort in her tranquil ray :
What pow'r is hers to sooth the heart—
What pow'r, the trembling tear to start !

The dewy morn let others love,
Or bask them in the noon-tide ray ;
There's not an hour but has its charm,
From dawning light, to dying day :—
But oh ! be mine a fairer boon—
That silent moon, that silent moon !



TRANSLATIONS, IMITATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.



OF the little pieces which follow, some will be found as nearly literal in their rendering, as the just principles of translation allow; while others are intended merely as free imitations of their respective originals. A very few of these, (and two articles from the former portion of the volume,) have appeared in some of the Journals published in this city—to the Editors of which, the Author's *thanks* are here tendered, for the notice which they have taken of his occasional communications, as well as his *apology* for now collecting and republishing them, without their permission.



HYMNS FROM THE LATIN.



MORNING HYMN.

“ Tu Trinitatis Unitas.”

THREE in One, and One in Three,
Sov’reign of the Universe,
Hear our morning minstrelsy,
Listen to our thankful verse.

From our couches, lo! we rise,
Seeking, ’mid the darkness still,
Help for our infirmities,
Medicine for ev’ry ill.

If, in dreams, by Satan’s fraud,
Thought or wish hath gone astray,
Let Thy glorious pow’r, O LORD,
Wash the secret sin away.

Keep our bodies free from stain,
Keep our hearts from coldness free,
Let no taint of vice inflame
Our spirits dedicate to Thee.

Thus, REDEEMER, while we pray,
Fill us with Thy heavenly light,
Then, throughout each circling day,
Thoughts and deeds shall all be right.

Aid us, FATHER, we intreat;
Aid us, Thou, eternal Son;
Aid us, SPIRIT, Paraclete—*
One in Three, and Three in One:
Thou, in our behalf engage,
Thou, that reign'st from age to age!

* Comforter.

HVMN FOR NOON.

“ Rector potens, verax Deus.”

GOD of truth, Almighty King,
LORD of each created thing,
Thou that light’st the dawning day,
And kindlest high the noontide ray ; ✕

Quench in us each flame of strife,
Banish ev’ry ill of life,
To each body health impart,
Shed thy peace on ev’ry heart.

Grant it now, O HOLY ONE;
Grant it, Thou, eternal SON;
Grant it, SPIRIT, we implore—
Thou that reignest evermore.

EVENING HYMN.

“ Jam sol recedit igneus.”

Now, as sinks the blazing sun,
Thou, eternal Three in One,
Fountain of unclouded day,
Fill us with Thy purer ray.

Thee we praise at morning’s dawn,
Thee implore when eve comes on ;
Grant us, suppliant here, to raise,
In Heaven, unmixed songs of praise. ×

Thus, the FATHER, and the SON,
And the SPIRIT, Three in One,
As of old, shall ever be
Prais’d and worshipp’d, One in Three.

MORNING HYMN.

“ Rex sempiterne cœlitum.”

MAKER of all in Heav’n and earth,
LORD of the hosts on high,
Thou SON, who with the FATHER art
From all eternity,
'T was Thou, who, when the world was new,
Creating man of earth,
Didst give him, in Thine image made,
A soul of heav’ly birth.

And when, by spite and fraud of hell,
That image was decay’d,
Veil’d in the flesh, 't was Thou restor’dst
The soul Thyself hadst made.

Great Shepherd, who Thy flock dost wash
 In Baptism's sacred wave,
 Be this the pool to cleanse our souls,
 Of all our sins the grave ;
 That, buried there with Thee, we may
 With Thee our life resume,
 Who, of a Virgin born, wast made
 The first fruits of the tomb.

REDEEMER, Thou who to the cross
 Due to our sins wast led,
 And there, salvation's countless price,
 Thy precious blood didst shed,
 Do Thou our souls, renew'd to life,
 From sin and death set free,
 That thus Thy endless joy, O **L**ORD.
 Our heritage may be.

Then to the **F**AITHER, and the **S**ON,
 Who rose and reigns in Heav'n,
 And to the blessed **C**OMFORTER,
 Shall ceaseless praise be giv'n.

HYMN,

FOR THE SEASON OF LENT.

“ Audi, benigne Conditor.”

FATHER of Mercies, hear !
Thy pardon we implore,
While daily through this sacred fast,
Our prayers, our tears we pour.

Searcher of hearts ! to Thee
Our helplessness is known ;
Be then to those who seek Thy face,
Thy free forgiveness shown.

Our sins have num'rous been,
We own it, LORD, with shame ;
Yet spare and heal the broken heart—
Spare for Thy glorious name.

Grant us, the body so
By fasting to restrain,
That sinful thoughts and vain desires
Our souls no more may stain.

Thus, to Thy contrite ones
Thy mercy shall be shown ;
We ask it, blessed One in Three,
We ask it, Three in One.

MORNING HYMN.

“ Ecce jam noctis tenuatur umbra.”

THE shades of night are flitting fast,
The golden east is streak'd with day,
And now, O LORD of life and light,
With thankful hearts to Thee we pray.

Sinners we are, yet hear us, LORD
In pity hear, and send us peace;
Thy saving health to all afford,
And bid each sin and sorrow cease.

Grant it eternal Trinity,
The FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT bless'd,
Whose glory is, and still shall be,
Through all the world, with joy confess'd.

EVENING HYMN.

“ Te lucis ante terminum.”

CREATOR of the world,
As now the day departs,
We ask it for Thy mercy’s sake,
Guide Thou, and guard our hearts.

Let no foul forms of night,
In dreams, our souls beguile,
Nor suffer, LORD, our mortal foe
Thy temples to defile.

O HOLIEST! grant it now,
And Thou, co-equal Son,
And Thou, O SPIRIT Paraclete—
Eternal Three in One.

MORNING HYMN.

“ Jam lucis orto sidere.”

WITH dawning light, O Lord, to Thee
On bended knee we pray,
That Thou from ev'ry hurtful thing
Wouldst keep us through this day.
Guard Thou from guile our froward tongue,
Lest sinful strife arise ;
Guide Thou our feeble, erring sight,
Lest vanity entice.

Cleanse, LORD, our hearts from ev'ry sin,
Free them from folly too,
And let continual temperance
Each carnal lust subdue :
That so, when days shall dawn no more,
Nor nights their shadows fling,
Free from the world, and all its stains,
Thy praises we may sing.

For Thou, O GOD ! and Thou alone,
Art worthily ador'd,
Who, with the SON, and SPIRIT, art
But one almighty LORD :
To HIM, therefore, be glory giv'n,
Whom virgin mother bore,
With FATHER, and with Holy Ghost,
Both now and evermore.

HYMN FOR WHITSUNDAY.

“Veni, Creator Spiritus.”

COME, HOLY GHOST, CREATOR, come,
And make these souls of ours thy home;
Come, fill our hearts with grace divine,
Thou mad’st them—own them still as thine:
To Thee, our COMFORTER, we cry,
The gracious gift of God most High:
Thine is the unction from above,
The living fount, and fire of love;
Sevenfold thy sacred blessings are,
God’s promises thou dost declare,
Hand of the Father, stretch’d to give
That blessed word by which we live.

Oh kindle, Thou, each sluggish sense,
Thy love in all our hearts dispense,

Strong in Thy strength, grant us to bear
Those ills to which our flesh is heir.
Drive far away each spiteful foe,
And give us peace while here below,
That, led by Thee, O HOLY ONE,
Our feet each sinful snare may shun.

Grant us the FATHER now to know,
And SON eternal to confess,
And THEE, who from Them both dost flow,
Through ev'ry circling year to bless ;
That so, to HIM who spoil'd the grave,
And rose triumphant up to Heav'n,
With FATHER, and with HOLY GHOST,
Eternal glory may be giv'n.

MORNING HYMN.

“ Consors Paterni luminis.”

BRIGHTNESS of the Father's glory,
Light of Light, unclouded day,
Lo! we rise to sing thy praises ;
Hear us, help us, while we pray.

Lighten Thou our mental darkness,
Bid each hellish tempter flee,
Rouse our dulness, lest it deaden
Our devotions, **LORD**, to Thee.

SAVIOUR, deign to each believer
These, Thy favours, to extend;
Answer'd thus, our pray'rs and praises
Shall for evermore ascend.

Hear us, FATHER, we intreat Thee,
Hear us, SAVIOUR, we implore,
Hear and help us, HOLY SPIRIT—
Thou that reignest evermore.

EVENING HYMN.

“ Verbum supernum prodiens.”

ETERNAL WORD, who dost proceed
From out the bosom of our God,
And cam’st, in hour of utmost need,
To shield us from th’ avenging rod,
O lighten Thou our darken’d hearts,
Inflame us with celestial love,
And, as life’s empty show departs,
Fill us with comforts from above.

Then, when th’ uplifted judgment seat
The sinner’s sentence shall display,
And voices, as of angels, sweet,
Welcome the saints to realms of day,

For us, no quenchless flames shall rage,
No fiery storms our rest destroy ;
Thy favour, LOR_D, our heritage,
Thy presence our exceeding joy.

And now, to FATHER, and to SON,
And SPIRIT, Paraclete, to Thee—
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be praise throughout eternity.

MORNING HYMN.

“Veni Creator Spiritus.”

CREATOR, Spirit, come,
Visit these souls of Thine,
And fill the hearts, Thyself hast made,
With influence divine.

Thou Comforter art call'd,
The gift of God above;
The spiritual unction Thine,
The fount and fire of love.

Send down Thy holy fire,
Pour out Thy heav'nly love,
And bear us in our frailty up,
With succours from above.

Drive far away each foe,
And give us peace at home;
Be Thou our guardian and our guide,
And ills shall never come.

EVENING HYMN.

“ Creator alme siderum.”

CREATOR of the starry frame,
Light of the souls who trust in Thee,
JESUS, Redeemer of mankind,
To Thee we call, on bended knee.

Thou, when the tempter's arts prevail'd,
Didst hasten down on wings of love,
To shield and save a ruin'd world,
With health and peace from heav'n above.

And Thou, unspotted paschal Lamb,
The blessed virgin's holy son,
To wash our souls from stain of sin,
On shameful cross didst bleed and groan.

Exalted now, Thy glorious pow'r
Extends through all immensity,
And saints in heav'n, and fiends in hell,
Bow at Thy name with trembling knee.

To Thee, then, Judge of all, we look ;
Grant us Thy heav'nly help, we pray :
Guide us in life, and guard in death,
And shield us in the judgment day.

For Thine the glory is, and pow'r,
Eternal SIRE, eternal Son ;
Eternal SPIRIT, thine the praise—
The One in Three, the Three in One.

FOR

THE FESTIVAL

OF

THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

“Salvete flores Martyrum.”

THE jealous tyrant hears
That He, the Prince, has come,
Who wide o'er Israel's tribe shall rule,
From David's royal home.

Infuriate then, he cries,
“He 's come, who claims my throne.
“Go, soldiers, grasp the glitt'ring steel,
“Instant with blood each cradle fill,
“Slay ev'ry new-born son.”

Vain was murd'rous Herod's word—
Vain was soldier's dripping sword;

Safe—while all were slaughter'd round,
God's Anointed was not found.

Hail, infant suff'fers—martyr'd flow'rets hail!
Cut off by ruthless knife,
Ev'n at the gate of life,
Ye fell, as new-blown roses fall, when scatter'd by
the gale.
Earliest of all were ye, that suffer'd for the word;
Sweet firstlings of that slaughter'd flock, so precious
to the Lord:
And round His heav'nly altar now, his high, uplifted
throne,
Ye guileless sport the crown and palm your martyr-
dom hath won.

Therefore to HIM be glory giv'n,
Whom Virgin mother bore,
With FATHER, and with HOLY GHOST,
One GOD for evermore.

ODES, SONNETS, &c.

FROM

THE GREEK, LATIN, AND ITALIAN.



THE WAVE FROM OCEAN SEVERED.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF METASTASIO.

“L’onda dal’mar divisa.”

THE wave from ocean sever’d
Bathes the valley, laves the mountain,
Floats down the stream, a homeless rover,
Or rests imprison’d in the fountain;
But wheresoe’er it roams or rests,
In changeless constancy, it mourns,
And murmurs, comfortless, till back
To its own ocean-bed it turns.

Its ocean-bed,
The fountain head
Whence first it flow’d, forgotten never;
And where, its weary wand’rings o’er,
Beneath its own, its native shore,
It hopes to rest, and rest for ever.

INSCRIPTION

FOR THE TOMB OF A LITTLE GIRL, EIGHT YEARS OLD.

"Οὐκ ἔθαψες, Πρεσβύτη, μετέῖνος δ' οὐ μείνοντα χαῖρεν."

No—I will not deem thee dead, my love, but parted
far away,
Through fairer scenes than earth can yield, for ever-
more to stray ;
To dwell where ceaseless pleasures reign, in unde-
caying rest,
Amid the quiet shades of some far island of the blest.

And there, I ween, thy little feet, from ev'ry ill
remov'd,
In frolic mirth now wander, as in infancy they lov'd ;
And still thy little heart exults amid Elysian bow'rs,
And still thy little fingers pluck the sweetest, fairest
flow'rs.

Oh! winter comes not there, to chill, with short and
cheerless day ;
Nor summer suns are there, to scorch, with fierce and
sultry ray ;
Nor hunger there, nor thirst, is known, to mar thine
hours of ease ;
Nor, raging in his thousand shapes, the tyrant, fell
Disease.

And shall I, though thou 'rt torn from me, my precious
one, repine ?
Alas ! how poor life's best estate appears, compar'd
with thine—
With thine, who, far remov'd from all that dims its
darken'd way,
Dweltest amid the splendours pure of heav'n's un-
clouded ray.

THE TRIUMPH OF JUDITH.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF METASTASIO.

“Lodi al gran Dio.”

CHORUS OF BETHULIANS.

PRAISE to Him, the mighty GOD,
Who smites, with His avenging rod,
 The heathen boasting impiously;
Who guards Bethulia’s coasts from harm.
And, with His high and holy arm,
 Combats for Israel gloriously.

JUDITH.

The Assyrian came down from his high mountain hold,
 And the spearmen of Persia were there in their pride;
On the hill-tops a moment exulting they hover’d,
The plains with the march of their squadrons were
 cover’d,
And rivers before them were chok’d up and dried.

Cloudlike were banners so unfurl'd,
 And such the storm of weapons hurl'd,
 It seem'd that from the face of day
 The sun in wrath had pass'd away,—
 It seem'd as if the day of doom
 To Israel's frightened hosts had come.

CHORUS.

Praise to Him, the mighty God, &c.

JUDITH.

“Galling chains, devouring flame,”
 Such the impious foeman’s boast,
 “Death, and slavery, and shame,
 “Shall desolate Bethulia’s coast.
 “Happy he, the warrior youth,
 “That dies upon the field of glory—
 “Who the captive’s tale shall tell ?
 “Who the hapless virgin’s story ??”
 Thus went the Assyrian war-cry round,
 And Israel trembled at the sound.

The circuit of one little hour
 Blasted all their pomp and pow’r;

And left, like clouds before the wind,
No vestige of their host behind.

CHORUS.

Praise to Him, the mighty God, &c.

JUDITH.

Vanquish'd, routed—see! they fly;
Hush'd is now their battle cry:
The proud Assyrian, pale with dread,
Medes and Persians, all are fled.

Not before some Titan host,
Nor giants, Anak's earth-born boast—
'Twas not the din of warriors' arms
Fill'd their camp with wild alarms :
But a weak and lonely woman—
Such the LORD JEHOVAH's might!
From a single Jewish woman
Holofernes' host took flight.

CHORUS.

Praise to Him, the mighty God,
Who smote the heathen with his rod ;
Who fought for Israel gloriously,
And set Bethulia's borders free.

TO THE PENINSULA OF SIRMIO.

FROM THE LATIN OF CATULLUS.

“Peninsularum, Sirmio, insularumque.”

FAIREST of all peninsulas,
*Eyelet** of islands, Sirmio !
Of all the wide wave bathes, the best,
Where'er its varied waters flow :
So glad, so joyful my return,
So fondly I revisit thee,
I scarce can feel that Thynia left,
That from Bithynia's valleys reft,
Thee once again I safely see.

Oh ! feels the heart a happier hour,
Than when, its ev'ry sorrow fled,

* Ocelle—little eye ; a term of endearment. So Cicero,
“villulæ meæ, *ocelli* Italiæ.”

Thrown now aside its painful load,
Accomplish'd now its weary road,
Reach'd now the land that gave it birth,
Its native home, its holy hearth,
It rests upon its own, its long, long wish'd-for
bed ?

Oh ! this, for toilsome road and rough,
And labour hard, is meed enough.

Hail, then, lovely Sirmio !
Smile once more upon your lord ;
Lydian waves that round me flow,
Your murm'ring welcome now afford :
Ev'ry smile you have, my home !
Sport it now—the wand'rer's come.

THE HOPE OF THE WICKED.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF METASTASIO.

“La Speme di malvagi.”

THE hope of the wicked—
A moment shall blast it,
When the breath of JEHOVAH
In wrath hath o'erpass'd it.

Like smoke, which the winds in their fury are lashing,
Or foam on the ocean when tempests are dashing,
It was—it is not—all its glories are o'er,
And the places which knew it, shall know it no more.

But the hope of the just
Is establish'd for ever,
For GOD is their trust,
And that trust shall fail—never.

The heav'ns at the voice of His thunder may shake,
And earth at the flash of His lightnings may quake,
But their hope and their trust
Shall be ever the same,
Unfailing, unchanging—
JEHOVAH, His name.

TO GROSPHUS.

FROM THE LATIN OF HORACE.

“Otium divos rogat in patenti.”

WHEN tempests turn the day to night,
And clouds obscure pale Luna's light,
The sailor, 'mid Egean seas,
No star to guide him, prays for *ease*.
For *ease* the warring Thracian prays,
And Media's quiver-bearing race—
Ease that no gems, nor gold can buy,
Nor robes, my friend, of Tyrian die.
For not the hoarded wealth of kings,
Nor state, that titled office brings,
Can drive those carking cares aloof,
Those vultures of the mind,
That riot unconfin'd,
And flit unscar'd, untam'd, around the vaulted roof.

How happy he, though small his hoard,
 Whose plate ancestral decks his board,
 Whose tranquil sleep no fears molest,
 Nor lawless love deprives of rest!

Rash, short-liv'd beings that we are,
 Why cast we still our schemes afar ?
 Why haste, from clime to clime, to range ?
 Himself, did exile ever change ?
 No—*care* will climb the brazen poop—
Care still pursues the mounted troop—
Care, that is swifter than young hind,
 Or clouds that scud before the wind.

Blest then to-day, seek not to borrow
 One anxious moment from the morrow,
 But sooth each grief with gentle mirth—
 Unmingled bliss dwells not on earth.

Each has his lot. Achilles died,
 'Mid all his fame, in manhood's pride,
 While old Tithonus pin'd away,
 Year after year, in dull decay.

And I, though poor, perhaps may see
Long years, denied to wealth and thee :
Thee, purple rob'd, whose heifers low,
Whose well-train'd steeds delighted neigh,
Whose countless flocks securely stray,
Where'er Sicilian waters flow :
While, for my share, (so fate ordains,)
This little farm alone remains—
Enough ! since with it, I inherit
Some sparklings of the Grecian spirit ;
A mind not always slighted by the muse—
A soul that spurns the mob, and virtue's path
pursues.

SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF TASSO.

“*Donna, crudel fortuna a me ben vieta.*”

FATE binds me here—Beloved one, farewell!
Yet binds not all—the fond and faithful heart
Bursts all restraint—and wheresoe'er thou art,
Its best affections still delight to dwell.
To deem thee pensive now, now light of heart,
Now on the wave, and now along the shore,
Amid earth's stillness deep, or ocean's fitful roar,
Is faithful Fancy's never tiring part.
And when the circle of rejoicing friends
Greet thee with many a smile and sportive kiss,
Half pleas'd, half envious of that lavish'd bliss,
One jealous pang—swift messenger—she sends :
Home to the heart the pain'd affections turn,
And mingled grief and love the throbbing bosom burn.

LOVE AND DEATH.

FROM THE LATIN OF ALCIATUS.

“Errabat socio Mors juncta Cupidine.”

Love and Death—odd cronies they—
Met once on a summer’s day :
Death his wonted weapons bearing,
Little Love his quiver wearing ;
This to wound, and that to slay,
Hand in hand they took their way.

Night came on. The self-same shed
Furnish’d both with board and bed ;
While, beneath a wisp of hay,
Heads and points, their arrows lay.

Ere the morning’s faintest dawn,
Each had girt his armour on :

But, with too much haste arrang'd,
Luckless chance! their darts were chang'd.

Little space our heroes ran,
Ere their archery began.
Love a whizzing shaft let fly
At a youth with beaming eye :
The aim was true—one shriek he gave,
And sunk into an early grave.
Death shot next—he pierc'd the core
Of a dotard, past threescore :
The canker'd carle his crutch threw by—
A lover now with am'rous eye.

“Ho!” cried young Love, “here’s some mistake ;
These darts of mine sad havoc make.”
“And mine,” said Death, “instead of killing,
Serve but to set these bald-heads billing.”

Reader, oft will *wanton age*
Bring to mind our sportive page ;
Oh! that *youth’s untimely fall*
Its sadder strain should e’er recall !

TO DELIUS.

FROM THE LATIN OF HORACE.

“*Aequam memento rebus in arduis.*”

THOUGH adversity should harm thee,

Still thy equal mind maintain ;

Though prosperity should charm thee,

Be not insolently vain :

For whether clogg'd with sadness, life's brief mo-

ments pass us by,

Or wing'd with wine and gladness, still, my Delius,

we must die.

Where the pine and poplar blending,

Fling their hospitable shade,

And the limpid stream descending,

Gently murmurs through the glade.

Bring the wine, and perfume rare, with the rose's
short-liv'd flow'r,

While the fatal sisters spare, and life lends a summer
hour.

For soon, the world resigning,

Thou shalt leave thy house and lands,

And the well-pil'd treasures' shining,

To thy heir's delighted hands :

Nor shall fields, dear bought, avail thee, lash'd by
Tiber's yellow wave,

Nor thy noble birth preserve thee, from the dark and
narrow grave.

Oh ! think not then 'twill matter thee

How low soe'er thy lot ;

Nor deem that death would flatter thee,

Though royally begot :

Whether palace, rich and rare, should receive thy
ev'ry breath

Or it flit in open air—it is all the same to death.

To his rule we all are destin'd,
Whether soon or late our turn :
Nor may its lot be question'd—
That inexorable urn ;
Nor the boat that wafts us over to that undiscover'd
shore,
From whose eternal exile we return again no more.

SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF PETRARCH.

“La vita fugge, e non s’arresta un’ ora.”

IFE flits away without a moment’s rest,
And death with rapid strides comes hast’ning on;
The past, the present, rend my aching breast,
The future will when they shall both be gone:
Mem’ry and hope, alike, by turns perplex,
And, truly, did I not sometimes forbear,
And cease, with anxious fears, my soul to vex,
Such thoughts, long since, had pierc’d it through
with care.

I look before me—and my aching heart
Sometimes a single cheering ray descries,

'Tis vain—for instant on some other part,
Fierce winds to whelm my wave-worn bark arise;
And when the port is gain'd, and Fortune won,
Wearied and wreck'd, each ray that gilds her throne
is gone.

THE PLEASURES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

FROM THE LATIN OF HORACE.

“Beatus ille qui procul negotiis.”

How blest is he who, free from care,
As once, 'tis said, ev'n mortals were,
Unknown to brokers, bonds or bills,
His own paternal acres tills.

No midnight storm along the deep,
Nor brazen trump to break his sleep ;
Far from the Forum's pompous prate,
And thresholds of the lordly great,
The wanton vine 'tis his to wed,
To poplar trim with lofty head,
And, pruning off each worthless shoot,
Engraft the slip from choicer root.

Sometimes, where yonder vale descends,
 His lowing herds, at ease, he tends—
 Shears now his sheep with tott'ring feet—
 Now stores the hive's delicious sweet—
 And now, when autumn smiling round,
 Erects his head with fruitage crown'd,
 Plucks with delight the melting pear,
 Or purple grape of flavour rare ;—
 What thanks and offerings then recall
His care, who gives and guards them all !

Sometimes, where streams are gliding by,
 Stretch'd on the grass he loves to lie,
 Beneath some old and spreading oak,
 Where rooks reside, and ravens croak,
 While crystal fountains murmur round,
 And lull his senses with their sound.
 But when the raging winter god
 Has sent his snows and storms abroad,
 He scours the country round and round
 To rouse the boar with horse and hound
 With subtle art, his traps and nets,
 To catch the tender thrush he sets ;

Lays for the crane some stouter snare,
 Or takes, delicious treat! the hare.
 'Mid sports like these, unknown to ill,
 What love can cross! what cares can kill!

But happiest then, if, while he roam,
 His wife and children dear, at home—
 (A modest matron she, and fair,
 Despite alike of sun and air)—
 The swelling udder duly drain,
 And close the shelt'ring fold again—
 Pile high with season'd wood the fire,
 To warm and dry their wearied sire—
 Then, fill'd one small, but gen'rous cup,
 The unbought banquet quick serve up.

Such fare be mine—I ask no more—
 No shell-fish from the Lucrine shore,
 No turbot rare, nor, driv'n from far,
 By eastern winds, the costly char.
 Oh! not the fowl from Afric shore,
 Nor grouse from Asiatic moor,
 Were half such luxury to me,
 As olives pluck'd from mine own tree—

A dish of dock that grows in fallows—
 A dainty mess of wholesome mallows—
 A joint, on high and holy days,
 Of roasted lamb, my board to grace—
 And, now and then, a rescu'd kid,
 Which rav'ning wolf had stol'n and hid.

'Mid feasts like these to sit, and see
 My flocks wind homeward o'er the lea ;
 The sober ox returning first,
 With languid neck, and plough revers'd,
 And men and maids—the farm-house swarm—
 Around the hearth-stone gather'd warm—
 "What life so blest!" cried wealthy B
 "I'm done with stocks. A farm for me!"
 Cash loaned at *five* call'd in, he went,
 And—put it out at *six* per cent. !

WHY WISH FOR LIFE ?

FROM THE ITALIAN OF METASTASIO.

“Perché bramar la vita.”

Why wish for life? has this vain world
One source of pure delight,
Whose ev'ry fortune has its pang,
And ev'ry age its blight?

Trembling in childhood at a look,
In youth, with love's vain fears,
Man walks awhile, the sport of fate,
Then sinks, oppress'd with years.

'Tis now the strife to win that racks
His inmost soul with pain;
And now, far worse, the fear to lose
What cost so much to gain.

Thrones have their thorns—eternal war
Must gain them, and must guard;
And envy still and scorn are found
Fair virtue's best reward.

Vain world! whose dreams and shadows mock,
Whose follies cheat the eye,
Till age the base delusion shows,
Just time enough—to die!

HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGEITON.

FROM THE GREEK OF CALLISTRATUS.

Ἐν μύρτου κλαδὶ τὸ ξίφος φορήσω.

I'll wreath my sword with myrtle, as the brave Harmodius did,

And as Aristogeiton his avenging weapon hid,
When they slew the haughty tyrant, and regain'd our
liberty,

And, breaking down oppression, made the men of
Athens free.

Thou art not, lov'd Harmodius, thou art not surely
dead,

But to some secluded sanctuary far away art fled,
With the swift-footed Achilles, unmolested there to rest,
And to rove with Diomédes through the islands of
the blest.

I'll wreath my sword with myrtle, as Aristogeiton did,
And as the brave Harmodius his avenging weapon hid,
When, on Minerva's festival, they aim'd the glorious
blow,

And, calling on fair freedom, laid the proud Hipparchus low.

Thy fame, belov'd Harmodius, through ages still
shall brighten,

Nor ever shall thy glory fade, belov'd Aristogeiton,
Because your country's champions ye nobly dar'd
to be,

And, striking down the tyrant, made the men of
Athens free.

TO FUSCUS ARISTIUS.

FROM THE LATIN OF HORACE.

“*Integer vitæ scelerisque purus.*”

THE man, my friend, whose hands are pure,
Needs not the shaft of tawny Moor;
Nor, arm'd with innocence of heart,
Asks he the bow or venom'd dart.
His way may lie o'er sandy plains,
'Mid hills where desolation reigns,
By fabled stream, or haunted grot,
Secure in all, he needs them not.

For me, as, musing, late I stray'd
In yonder Sabine forest's shade,
And, casting to the winds all care,
Thought but of Lalagé my fair,

A wolf—such horrid portent roves
Not all Apulia's warlike groves ;
Not such fierce Mauritania's coast,
Dry-nurse of monsters, e'er could boast—
Lone as I was, and quite unarm'd,
Took flight, and left me all unharm'd.

Place me henceforth 'mid polar fields,
Where earth no vegetation yields—
'Neath cloud-wrapt skies, where not a breeze
Wafts health and fragrance through the trees—
Or where the tropic's ceaseless blaze
Blasts all that basks beneath its rays ;
I'll fear no ill—but think the while
Of Lalagé's bewitching smile ;
Dear to my heart she still shall be,
My sweetly-speaking Lalagé.

SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF PETRARCH.

“I’ vo piangendo i miei passati tempi.”

OH! I must ever weep the years I’ve spent—
Years, whose whole business and delight was love,
When not an effort stirr’d those pinions lent
To spurn the ignoble crowd, and soar above.
THOU, who my errors and my crimes hast known,
Great King of Heav’n, eternal and unseen,
Aid my frail spirit, wand’ring here alone,
And cleanse it graciously from ev’ry sin.
Grant that my life, ’mid storm and battle spent,
In peaceful haven may at last repose ;
If this be vain, whate’er its brief extent,
Vouchsafe at least no ignominious close :
And oh! in death, do Thou my portion be,
For, LORD, Thou know’st my hopes are all in Thee.

TO THE SPRING.

AN IDYL,

FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.

Xειματος ἡνεμόεντος ἀπ' αἰθέρος οἰχομένοιο.

SEE, wak'd by stormy Winter's parting wing,
Smiling, 'mid flow'rs, comes on the purple Spring,
While verdant herbage crowns the dusky earth,
And new-leav'd plants are joying in their birth;
While fertilizing dews refresh the ground,
And early roses bloom and blush around.

Glad, o'er the hills, the shepherd's pipe we hear,
Where snow-white flocks in frolic mirth career—
Cheerly his ocean-path the seaman hails,
While fav'ring zephyrs fill his swelling sails—

The Bacchants now, with clust'ring ivy crown'd,
 Invoke the genial god with jocund sound—
 Their cells of purest wax, prepar'd with skill,
 The careful bees with dripping nectar fill—
 Now wake the feather'd tribes their tuneful notes,—
 The queen-like swan, as down the stream she floats;
 The halcyon, hunter of old Ocean's coves;
 The swallow, twitt'ring from the roof he loves;
 And, Philomela, thou, enchantress of the groves!

And say, while leaves, and buds, and flow'rs rejoice,
 And teeming earth lifts up her glorious voice;
 While shepherds warble their delighted lay,
 And well-fleec'd flocks their sportive gambols play;
 While seamen shout, and Bacchants, joyous, throng,
 And bees their labour ply, and birds their song—
 Shall I no strain to earth's glad chorus bring?
 Shame to the Son of Song, that hails not thee,
 O SPRING!





